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THE

SAINT'S HARP:

A

COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,

ADAPTED TO

PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS, AND
SEASONS OF REVIVAL.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED
BY REV. J. F. BERG.

Second Edition, Revised and Improved.

And I saw them stand on the sea of glass,
having the harps of God; and they sing the song
of Moses, and the song of the Lamb.—Rev. xv. 23.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

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SAINT'S HARP.

HYMN 1. S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
Bid every string awake.

2. Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

3. His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4. The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "for me."

5. Tarry his leisure, then,
Wait the appointed hour ;
Wait till the bridegroom of your souls
Reveals his love with pow'r.
6. Blest is the man, O God !
That stays himself on thee !
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord !
Shall thy salvation see.
-

INVOCATION.

HYMN 2. C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4. Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?

5. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 3. C. M.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2. O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn !
And fly at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3. Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4. Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release ;

Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5. Impov'rish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6. That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

HYMN 4. C. M.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid
Inspire each lifeless tongue; [heart,
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

2. Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

3. Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here;
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heav'n on earth appear.

HYMN 5. 7s.

IN thy presence we appear,
Lord, we love to worship here—
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon thy mercy seat.

2. While thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue,
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord of righteousness.

3. While to thee our pray'rs ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, when thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4. While thy word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at thy law,
Let the gospel's wondrous love
All our doubts and fears remove.

HYMN 6. 8, 7.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;

Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3. Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

AWAKENING.

HYMN 7. 7s.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did you being give,
Made you with himself to live;

He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why,
Will ye cross his love and die?

2. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

HYMN 8. 7, 6.

SINNER, stop! O stop and think,
Before you farther go—
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?

CHORUS.

*Be entreated now to stop!
Unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into the burning lake!*

2. Hell beneath is gaping wide!
And waits the dread command,
Soon to stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

3. Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.

4. All your sins will round you crowd,
Of bloody crimson dye,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

5. Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not his iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?

6. Can you stand in that great day,
When judgment is proclaim'd;

When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

7. Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel;
He will not let you pass.

8. Sinners then in vain will call,
Who now despise his grace,
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

HYMN 9. L. M.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2. Deny thyself and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3. The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Shall not inherit with the saints,
But make his own destruction sure.

HYMN 10. C. M.

MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed.

2. Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay:
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3. Then, swift and dreadful, she descends,
Down to the fiery coast,
Among abominable fiends,
Herself a frightened ghost:

4. There endless crowds of sinners lie
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5. Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

HYMN 11. 11s.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw
near!

The waters of life are now flowing for
thee,
No price is demanded, the Saviour is
here,
Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is
free.

2. Delay not, delay not, why longer
abuse

The love and compassion of Jesus,
thy God?

A fountain is open'd, how canst thou re-
fuse

To wash and be cleans'd in his par-
doning blood.

3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to
come,

For mercy still lingers, and calls thee
to-day;

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the
tomb;

Her message, unheeded, will soon pass
away.

4. Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of
grace,

Long griev'd and resisted, may take
its sad flight;

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy
race,

To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

5. Delay not, delay not, the hour is at
hand—

The earth shall dissolve, and the hea-
vens shall fade;

The dead, small and great, in the judg-
ment shall stand;

What pow'r, then, O sinner! shall lend
thee its aid!

HYMN 12. C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent, thy end is nigh:

Death at the farthest can't be far:

O! think before thou die.

2. Reflect; thou hast a soul to save;

Thy sins, how high they mount!

What are thy hopes beyond the grave?

How stands that dark account?

3. Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.
4. Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume:
But ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

HYMN 13. S. M.

- HOW will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before the Judge
Astonish'd shrink away!
2. But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
 3. Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
 4. So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;

14, 15. AWAKENING.

And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 14. C. M.

SINNERS, behold that downward road
Which leads to endless wo;
What multitudes of thoughtless souls,
The road to ruin go!

2. But yonder see that narrow way
Which leads to endless bliss;
There see a happy chosen few,
Redeem'd by sovereign grace.

3. They from destruction's city came,
To Zion upward tend:
The Bible is their precious guide,
And God himself their friend.

4. Lord, I would now a pilgrim be—
Guide thou my feet aright;
I would not, for ten thousand worlds,
Be banished from thy sight.

HYMN 15. C. M.

ALL ye who laugh and sport with death,
And say, there is no hell:

The gasp of your expiring breath
Will send you there to dwell.

2. When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigour spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind!

3. Then you'll confess, the frightful names
Of plagues, you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

4. Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
With flames upon your tongues,
When you exchang'd your souls away
For vanity and songs.

HYMN 16. L. M.

AWAKE! awake! my sluggish soul,
Awake, and view the setting sun;
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done.

2. Death!—'tis an awful, solemn sound;
Oh, let it wake the slumb'ring ear!
Apace the dreadful conqueror comes,
With all his pale companions near,

3. Thy drowsy eyes will soon be clos'd—
 These friendly warnings heard no more;
 Soon will the mighty Judge approach,
 E'en now he stands before the door.

4. To-day attend his gracious voice;
 This is the summons that he sends:
 "Awake! for on this transient hour
 Thy long eternity depends."

INVITING.

HYMN 17. 8, 7, 4.

COME, ye poor and thirsty sinners,
 To the living waters come;
 Jesus bids you come and welcome
 And declares he'll cast out none—
 Give him credit!
 He's Jehovah's faithful Son.

2. Hearken to the Bride and Spirit,
 Seize the promises divine;
 Without money, price or merit,
 Buy of Jesus milk and wine—
 His rich bounty
 Freely take—he makes it thine.

3. Wherefore will you toil for nothing?
Spend your strength and pleasure too!
Joyfully receive the blessing
Which his liberal hands bestow,
All his goodness
Let your souls delight to know.
4. Hearken, sinners, to your Saviour;
“Hear me, and your souls shall live;
You my covenant shall discover,
I will David’s mercies give—”
As your witness,
And your leader, him receive.

HYMN 18. H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth’s remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom’d sinners, home.

2. Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonement Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom’d sinners, home.

3. Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4. Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5. The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 19. 8, 7, 4.

COME, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

2. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream,
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3. Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies:
"*It is finished:*"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4. Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

20, 21. INVITING.

5. Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heav'n,
Sweetly echo with his name :
Hallelujah !—
Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 20. L. M.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites the fallen race ;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2. Ye nothing in exchange can give,
Leave all ye have and are behind ;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3. Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

HYMN 21. 11s.

O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye
die,
When God in great mercy is coming so
nigh?

Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you
home.

2. How vain the delusion, that while you
delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying
away;
Come wretched, come starving, come
just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing
so free.

3. And now Christ is ready your souls
to receive;
O how can you question, if you will be-
lieve?
If sin is your burden, why will you not
come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you
come home.

4. In riches, in pleasures, what can you
obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your
pain?
To bear up your spirit, when summon'd
to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5. Why will you be starving and feeding
on air?

There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;

If still you are doubting, make trial and see,

And prove that his mercy is boundless
and free.

6. Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour
your heart,

And trusting in Heaven, we never shall
part;

O how can we leave you? why will you
not come?

We'll journey together, and soon be at
home.

HYMN 22. C. M.

WHAT language now salutes the ear?

It is our Saviour's voice!

Let all the world attentive hear,

And ev'ry soul rejoice.

2. Sinner, he kindly speaks to thee,

However vile thou art:

"Here's grace and pardon, rich and free

My son, give me thy heart.—

3. "Tho' thou hast long my grace with-
stood,
And said to me, Depart,
I claim the purchase of my blood,
My son, give me thy heart.—
4. "I'll form thee for myself alone,
And ev'ry good impart;
I'll make my great salvation known,
My son, give me thy heart."
5. Come, Lord, and conquer now my
heart,
Set up in me thy throne;
Bid sin and Satan hence depart,
And claim me as thine own.

HYMN 23. 12s.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape
to the mountain,
For all that believe, Christ has opened a
fountain;
For sin, and uncleanness and every
transgression,
His blood flows so freely in streams of
salvation.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought
us a pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over
Jordan.*

2. Ye souls that are wounded, to the Sa-
viour repair ;

Now he calls you in mercy, and can you
forbear?

Though your sins are increased as high
as a mountain,

His blood can remove them, it streams
from this fountain.

3. Now Jesus, our king, reigns triumph-
antly glorious;

O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than
victorious!

With shouting proclaim it—O trust in
his passion,

He saves us most freely ;—O glorious
salvation!

4. Our Jesus proclaims his name all vic-
torious ;

He reigns over all, and his kingdom is
glorious ;

To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation!

5. With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore,
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains, on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.

HYMN 24. C. M.

AMAZING sight, the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands
To satisfy the poor.

2. "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:—
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be for ever blest.

3. "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me for ever dwell?

4. "Not to condemn your wretched race
Have I in judgment come;
But to display unbounded grace,
And bring lost sinners home.

5. "Will you go down to endless night,
And bear eternal pain?
Or in the glorious realms of light
With me for ever reign?"

6. "Say—will you hear my gracious
voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

HYMN 25. 8, 7, 4.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above,
Every sentence—Oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2. Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name."
Oh! how blessed!
"Free forgiveness in his name!"

3. Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.
4. False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

HYMN 26. L. M.

- TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice:
Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with the glorious Jesus rest?
2. Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
3. Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

4. Behold he's waiting at your door!
Make now your choice; O, halt no more;
Say, sinner, say, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

5. Why rush in carnal pleasures on?
Why madly plunge in sorrow down?
Say, without Christ what can you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

6. O, must we bid you all farewell;
We bound to heaven, and you to hell?
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you, ere that burning day.

7. Once more we ask you in his name,
We know his love remains the same;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

HYMN 27. C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice!
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind—

And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind:—

3. Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4. Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here, you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5. The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open all the day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 28. 8, 7, 4.

SINNERS! we are sent to bid you
To the gospel feast to-day;
Will you slight the invitation—
Will you, can you, yet delay?
Jesus calls you;
Come, poor sinner, come away.

2. Come! O come! all things are ready—
Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer:

If you spurn this blood-bought banquet,
Sinner can thy soul appear
 A guest in heaven,
Scorning heav'n's rich bounty here?

3. Come! O come! leave father, mother;
To your Saviour's bosom fly:
Leave the worthless world behind you,
Seek for pardon, or you die:
 "Pardon, Saviour!"
Hear the sinking sinner cry.

4. Even *now* the Holy Spirit
Moves upon some melting heart,
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit—
Sinner, will you say "*Depart?*"
 Wretched sinner,
Can you bid your God depart?

5. What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue could tell?
What are all its boasted treasures,
To a soul once sunk in hell?
 Treasure! pleasure!
No such sounds are heard in hell.

6. Fly! O fly ye to the mountain,
Linger not in all the plain!—

Leave this Sodom of corruption,
Turn not, look not back again;
Fly to Jesus,
Linger not in all the plain.

PENITENTIAL.

HYMN 29. L. M.

OH, that the Lord would hear my cry,
And stay his anger lest I die!
Thy wrath is just—yet, oh, forgive!
And let a mourning sinner live.

2. In all my frame, without, within,
I feel the sad effects of sin;
How long, my God, must I complain,
And deprecate thy wrath in vain?

3. Oh, should I die deprived of thee!
What being else can succour me?
Thy frowns would rend my soul in death,
And sink it to the depths beneath.

4. Ye darling sins, that plague me so,
The greatest enemies I know,
Depart—for God hath heard my pray'r,
And will not let me long despair.

5. No;—I shall yet his goodness bless;
And when this transient life shall pass,
Then, full of glory, I shall prove
He can be just, and sinners love.

HYMN 30. L. M.

THOU man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat!

2. When wrestling in the strength of
pray'r,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
The wrath of an Almighty God.

3. Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire,
Remove this load of guilty wo,
Nor let me in my sins expire !

4. I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
Long as eternal ages roll.

5. I deprecate that death alone—
That endless banishment from thee;

O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

HYMN 31. S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

2. The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept, that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

HYMN 32. 7s.

JESUS, save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

2. Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;

Grant the joy of sin, forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

3. All my guilt to thee is known,
Thou art righteous, thou alone.
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.

4. Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

HYMN 33. 8, 7, 4.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer!

Welcome to this heart of mine:

Lord, I make a full surrender,

Ev'ry pow'r and thought be thine;

Thine entirely:

Through eternal ages thine.

2. Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;

Or in vain attempt possession,

When they find the Lord is near;

Shout, O Zion!

Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

HYMN 34. 7s.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2. I have long withstood his grace,
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls,
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3. Kindled his relentings are,
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4. There for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands!
 God is love! I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.

HYMN 35. 8, 7.

SAVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor?
 Canst thou love a child of wrath?
 Can a hell-deserving creature
 Be the purchase of thy death?
 Is thy blood so efficacious,
 As to make my nature clean?

Is thy sacrifice so precious,
As to free me from my sin?

2. Sin on every side surrounds me;
No acquittance can I hear;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Help me, Lord, my grief to bear.
Here, then, is my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall:
Here I'll meet my condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

3. Now deny thy grace and mercy,
If thou canst, to wretched me;
Lay aside thy love and pity,
If thou canst, and let me die!
If I meet with condemnation,
Justly I deserve the same;
If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name.

HYMN 36. C. M.

JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

2. Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
3. Thou wondrous advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord! remember me.
4. I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord! remember me.
5. Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
6. And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

HYMN 37. 7s.

Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;

Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2. Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

HYMN 38. L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despise;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2. Though I have steel'd my stubborn
heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;

And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3. Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd!
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness
griev'd:

4. Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

HYMN 39. C. M.

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we stand,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand,
Blest Saviour, we are such.

2. Remember him who once applied,
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears, he cried,
"Oh, help my unbelief."

3. She, too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

4. Like her, with hopes and fears we
 come,
 To touch thee if we may;
Oh, send us not despairing home,
 Send none unheal'd away.

HYMN 40. C. M.

LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
 And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
 Thy favour we implore.

2. Without thy grace we sink opprest
 Down to the gates of hell;
Oh, give our troubled spirit rest,
 Our gloomy fears dispel.

3. 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore;
 Oh may thy pity move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
 And thou thyself art love.

4. In mercy now, for Jesus' sake,
 Our many sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
 And breaking soon relieve.

5. Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.
-

BACKSLIDING AND FORMALITY.

HYMN 41. C. M.

- OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!
2. Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
3. What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.
4. Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!

I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 42. S. M.

RELIGION'S form is vain,
While we deny its power!
What will the hypocrite obtain,
In death's tremendous hour?

2. Now he may credit gain,
And in his affluence roll;
But all his profit will be pain,
When God shall take his soul.

3. Then, O what dread surprise,
What horror and dismay,
When death shall open wide his eyes,
And tear his mask away!

4. Lord, search and know my heart,
And make my soul sincere;
And bid hypocrisy depart,
And keep my conscience clear.

HYMN 43. C. M.

- OH, why did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove:
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love.
2. I forc'd thee first to disappear,
I turn'd thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
'Thy servant had not died.
3. But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pard'ning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.
4. O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove;
Thou vast unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!
5. I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;

Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be *All* in *All*.

HYMN 44. C. M.

OH, that I were as heretofore!
When warm in my first love;
I only liv'd my God t' adore,
And seek the things above!

2. Upon my head his candle shone,
And lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on
And half unveil'd his face.

3. Far, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode;
I soar'd to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found and talked with God.

4. Where am I now? from what a height
Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.

5. O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain!
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
My Eden how regain?

[HYMN 45. S. M.

O JESUS! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan;
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy banished one.

2. Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3. Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive, my gasping spirit cries,
Abundantly forgive;

4. For thine own mercy's sake
Relieve my wretchedness,
And O my pardon give me back,
And give me back my peace!

5. Again thy love reveal,
Restore that inward heaven:
O grant me once again to feel,
Through faith, my sins forgiven.

HYMN 46. L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;

Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean:
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4. My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5. Should sudden vengeance seize my
 breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy
 word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 47. 11s.

WHY sleep ye, my brethren? come, let
us arise,

O, why should we slumber in sight of the
prize?

Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent;
O, let us be active; awake! and repent.

2. O, how can we slumber! the Master is
come,

And calling on sinners to seek them a
home;

The Spirit and Bride now in concert
unite,

The weary they welcome, the careless
invite.

3. O, how can we slumber! our foes are
awake;

To ruin poor souls every effort they make;
To accomplish their object no means are

untried,

The careless they comfort, the wakeful
misguide.

4. O, how can we slumber! when so much
was done,

To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son!

Now mercy is proffer'd and justice display'd,
Now God can be honour'd and sinners be saved.

5. O, how can ye slumber! when death is so near,
And sinners are sinking to endless despair;
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high prize,
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

6. O, how can ye slumber! ye sinners, look round,
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound;
O, fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day;
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.

CHRIST.

HYMN 48. C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3. Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4. Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6. Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 49. C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2. In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3. Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4. Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5. Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

HYMN 50. 7s.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd."

2. Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies.

3. "Glory to the new-born King!"
Let us all the anthem sing:
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd."

HYMN 51. 8, 7.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest;

Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3. Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temple leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4. Finish then thy new creation,
Happy, holy may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN 52. C. M.

YONDER! amazing sight! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood!

2. Behold the purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.
3. The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with th' amazed centurion cry,
"This is the Son of God."
4. So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

HYMN 53. 7, 6.

- OH sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown:
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.
2. O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world

All fear'd when thou appearedst;
What shame on thee is hurl'd!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn.

3. What thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd,
Was all for sinners' gain;—
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve *thy* place,
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace!

4. Receive me, my Redeemer,
My Shepherd, make me thine;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

5. The joy can ne'er be spoken—
Above all joys beside—
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.

My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

6. What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

7. If I a wretch, should leave thee,
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

8. Be near when I am dying,
O, show thy cross to me!
And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;

For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

HYMN 54. 7s.

TO the cross where Jesus dies,
Where my Lord resigns his breath,
Where affliction veils his eyes,
Swimming in the tears of death:
Thither bringing all my guilt,
From avenging wrath I flee,
To the blood of sprinkling spilt—
Spilt to set the sinner free.

2. 'Mid convulsive agonies,
Peace his quivering lips impart;
Pardon seal'd by broken sighs
Issuing from a bursting heart;
Let me feel this healing power,
Let this harden'd heart of stone,
Melt beneath this purple shower
From his body trickling down.

3. On those temples, crown'd with thorns,
Suff'ring majesty appears;
Love that dying face adorns,
Stain'd with blood and soil'd with tears;
Pierce the shadows of the heart,
With the light'ning of that eye;

Smiles of peace to me impart,
Let me feel, or I must die!

HYMN 55. C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be—till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;

When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 56. L. M.

- AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me—
His loving-kindness, Oh, how free!
2. He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all:
He sav'd me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, Oh, how great!
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness, Oh, how strong!
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness, Oh, how good!
5. Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;

But, though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7. Then let me mount, and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 57. 7s.

ANGELS! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up the mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2. 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes!
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky—
Up to waiting worlds on high:

4. Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong!

HYMN 58. C. M.

IT is the voice of love divine,
That strikes the list'ning ear,
That soothes his mourning followers'
grief,
And wipes the falling tear:

2. "Because I leave this world"—he
cries,
"Your weeping eyes o'erflow;
But though I seek my native skies,
My heart remains below.

3. "My spirit shall descend, and rest
Upon each faithful head,
Till I, your Lord, return to call
My servants from the dead."

4. He said—and lifting up his hands,
Pronounc'd his parting prayer;
When lo! a bright descending cloud
Convey'd him through the air.

5. With solemn awe his followers view'd
The splendour of the scene,
While the unfolding gates of light
Receiv'd the Saviour in.
6. Burning with holy zeal, they spread,
Through distant lands, his word;
And we, like them, with faith and joy
Expect our risen Lord.

HYMN 59. 8, 7.

- ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend,
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
2. Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God.
3. When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
4. Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;

We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.

HYMN 60. L. M.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has
made; .

Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid—
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

2. And can no sov'reign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

3. There is a great physician near:
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heav'nly smiles, appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

4. See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.

HYMN 61. 7, 6.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!

There is but one physician,
Can cure a sin-sick soul!—
The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within.

2. From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain:
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost,—
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

3. At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;—
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

4. A dying, risen JESUS,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death;

Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look—and live!

HYMN 62. C. M.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2. We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3. We honour our exalted King,
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4. Hosanna to his blessed name,
Who saves by glorious ways;
Th' anointed Saviour has a claim
To our immortal praise.

HOLY SPIRIT.

HYMN 63. L. M.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,—
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2. Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to
flee?

3. Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4. Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5. God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

64, 65. HOLY SPIRIT.

6. Sinner—perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYMN 64. S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds—
The darkness from our eyes.

2. Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—
To sanctify the soul—
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

4. Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

HYMN 65. L. M.

WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,

At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2. From my own works at last I cease—
God that creates must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sov'reign grace I share.
3. Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin but do not feel;
Nor shall I till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.
4. 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here then to thee I all resign,—
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

HYMN 66. L. M.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2. When some kind promise glads my
soul,
Do I not find his healing voice

The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?

3. Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than pow'r divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

4. What less than thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

5. And when my cheerful hope can say
I love my God, and trust his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred
peace?

6. Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

FAITH.

HYMN 67. C. M.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all my cares;

2. Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3. The wounded conscience knows its
pow'r
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live;

4. Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

HYMN 68. 10, 11.

BEGONE unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief, will surely appear;

By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will
perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
storm.

2. Tho' dark be my way, since he is my
guide,
'Tis mine to obey—'tis his to provide;
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures
all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely pre-
vail.

3. His love in time past, forbids me to
think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink,
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me
quite through.

4. Why should I complain of want or
distress,
Temptation or pain?—he told me no less;
The heirs of salvation I know from his
word,
Thro' much tribulation must follow their
Lord.

5. Since all that I meet shall work for
my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease be-
fore long,
And then, O how pleasant the con-
qu'ror's song!

HYMN 69. L. M.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night,
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2. The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3. Cheerful we tread the desert thro',
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4. So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God:
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HOPE AND ASSURANCE.

HYMN 70. P. M.

WHEN pulse beats low, and cheeks
grow pale,

And storms of life are fiercely driven;
When fairest prospects quickly fail,
How sweet to have *a hope in heaven!*

2. When friends that seem'd most near
and dear

Are from our bosoms swiftly riven,
And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
How sweet to have *a hope in heaven!*

3. When lone and wand'ring far from
home,

No kind relief to us is given,
O, what would then of us become,
If we had not *a hope in heaven?*

4. And when the end is drawing nigh,
Of life, through which we long have
striven,

And we at last must droop and die,
How sweet to have a hope in heaven!

HYMN 71. 8, 7.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known:
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts, and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown thee,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3. Go then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favour, loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4. Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

5. Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in ev'ry station,
Something still to do, or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?

6. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r:
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

HYMN 72. P. M.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd's heav'n, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay—
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Fires ascending seek the sun,
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3. Fly me riches, fly me cares,
While I that coast explore,
Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home,
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

4. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heav'nly train,
Welcom'd to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

HYMN 73. L. M.

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2. This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3. O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

HYMN 74. P. M.

OH glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above:
It bears on eagle's wings;

It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2. Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise,
In endless plenty grow.

3. A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4. O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

HYMN 75. C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 76. 7, 6.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises,
With healing on his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2. In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
3. It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;—
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.
4. Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

REGENERATION.

HYMN 77. C. M.

SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ the Saviour hath declar'd,
“Ye must be born again.”

2. Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
“Ye must be born again.”

3. Our nature's totally deprav'd—
The heart a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be sav'd;
“Ye must be born again.”

4. Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.

HYMN 78. C. P. M.

AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;

O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo.

2. Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in mine ear.

3. When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.

4. Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5. The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;

Yet, when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6. But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now, by his grace, is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7. To heav'n the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise;
All hail! the Lamb who once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions born again,
Will shout thine endless praise.

PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

HYMN 79. L. P. M.

LOST in a labyrinth of sin,
Long have we wander'd to and fro,
The wilderness hath shut us in,
And only faith the way can show;
And only pray'r can lend the clue,
And guide our weary footsteps through.

2. Jesus, thou sov'reign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeble followers' call,
And oh, instruct us how to pray;
Pour out thy supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face.

HYMN 80. S. M.

O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring pow'r.

2. O, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3. Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4. Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
O, come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

HYMN 81. 7s.

HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2. Holy Ghost with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3. Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

HYMN 82. *Who's like Jesus?*

JESUS, thou hast bid us pray,
And never, never faint.
With the word a power convey,
To utter our complaint!
Quiet shalt thou never know,
Till we from sin are freed,
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

2. We have now begun to cry,
And we will never end,

Till we find salvation nigh,
And grasp the sinner's Friend:
Day and night we'll speak our wo,
Importunately plead;
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

3. Speak the word, and we shall be
From all our bands released;
Only thou canst set us free,
By Satan long oppress'd:
Now thy power almighty show,
Arise, thou conquering Seed!
O, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!

4. Jesus, hear thy Spirit's call,
Thy Bride, who bids thee come!
Come, thou righteous Judge of all,
Pronounce the tempter's doom;
Doom him to eternal wo,
For all his angels made;
Now avenge us of our foe,
For ever bruise his head!

HYMN 83. 7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;

He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.

2. With my burden I begin;
Lord! remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3. Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sov'reign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4. Show me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN 84. C. M.

ALMIGHTY LORD! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy pard'ning grace alone
Our prostrate hopes depend.

2. How chang'd, alas, are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.

3. O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord;
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

HYMN 85. S. M.

HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear;
When at the hour of rising day
Christians unite in prayer.

2. The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their bursting sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3. So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light;
Once on the chilling mount did stay
And wrestle all the night.

4. Glory to God on high
Who sends his blessings down,
To rescue souls condemn'd to die,
And makes his people one.

HYMN 86. *Who's like Jesus?*

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind;

Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on thee;
Ev'ry burden'd soul release:
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2. Through thy blood by faith applied,
Let sinners pardon feel;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

HYMN 87. C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2. What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death!

3. O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy pow'r;

Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4. Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

HYMN 88. L. M.

LOOK down, O God, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2. And can these mould'ring corpses live?
And can these dead, dry bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known!
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3. Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4. O let thy Spirit come and breathe
New life through all the realms of death!
Dry bones shall then obey thy voice,
Shall move, shall waken, and rejoice.

HYMN 89. 7s.

SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply our every want!
'Tree of life, thy influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2. Tend'rest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die;
Weak as helpless infancy;
O confirm my soul in thee!

3. Unsustain'd by thee I fall;
Send the help for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4. All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end:
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

HYMN 90. L. M.

BLEST Lord, behold the guilty scorn
Of those who hate and mock our
praise;
Pity their state and make them turn,
No more to walk in sinful ways.

2. Anxious we see their wretched state,
Who never think of heav'n or hell;
They laugh and sport, and court the
gate
Which opes where endless terrors
dwell.

3. Lead them to view a sinful heart,
A soul all enmity to thee,
Destroy'd, defil'd in every part,
Too proud to bow, too blind to see.

4. Lead them to view a holy law,
Which justly dooms to endless death,
To feel that guilt which Jesus saw,
And pray'd "Forgive," with dying
breath.

5. Open their eyes, unstop their ears,
To hear condemning justice sound;
Lord, change their hearts, and then their
tears
Will witness grief to all around.

6. Once we were blind, like them we
strove,
Till sov'reign mercy chang'd our ways;

Lord, bow their wills, and make them
love,
Then they will join our songs of praise.

HYMN 91. 8, 7, 4.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation:
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee!

2. Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high!
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
Lord, &c.

3. Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
Lord, &c.

4. But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
Lord, &c.

5. Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth.
Lord, &c.

6. Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Lord, &c.

7. Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood,
But they cost us grief at present,
Frost has nipp'd them in the bud!
Lord, &c.

8. Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again:
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!
Lord, &c.

9. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer:
Let each one esteemed thy servant,

Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, &c.

10. Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh:
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, &c.
-

PRAISE.

HYMN 92. S. M.

NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways
With music pass along.
See flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring:
The Sun of glory gilds the path;
And dear companions sing.

2. See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To Him who leads the wand'ers on
To realms of endless day.

HYMN 93. S. M.

OH, bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favours are divine:
'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain:
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

2. He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave:
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.
He fills the poor with good:
He gives the suff'ers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' opprest.

HYMN 94. C. M.

WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?

My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2. Among the saints that fill thy house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3. How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4. How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

HYMN 95. C. M.

LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace:
Let heathens too proclaim his praise,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

2. Praise him, who laid his glory by,
For man's apostate race;
Praise him, who stoop'd to bleed and die,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."
3. Ye nations, lay your weapons down,
Let war for ever cease;
Immanuel for your Sov'reign own,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."
4. We soon shall reach the heav'nly shore,
To view his lovely face;
His name for ever to adore,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

HYMN 96. 7s.

- FOUNT of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are;
Flowing purely from above—
Beauty marks their course afar.
2. Lo! thy church, thy garden now,
Blooms beneath the heav'nly show'r;
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow;
-Mild, yet mighty is thy pow'r.
 3. God of grace! before thy throne,
Here our warmest thanks we bring,

Thine the glory, thine alone;
Loudest praise to thee we sing.

4. Hear, O hear our grateful song:
Let thy Spirit still descend:
Roll the tide of grace along,
Wid'ning, deep'ning to the end.

HYMN 97. 7, 6.

NOW be the gospel banner
In ev'ry land unfurl'd,
And be the shout hosanna
Re-echoed through the world—
Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till ev'ry tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng!
CHO. Now be the gospel banner, &c.

2. Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
Each ransom'd captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.
CHO. Now be the gospel, &c.

HYMN 98. S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

2. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly hills,
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 99. C. M.

OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,

To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4. He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for *me*!

5. He speaks!—and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6. Hear him, ye deaf;—his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour comes,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

HYMN 100. 8s.

THEE will I love, my strength my
tower!

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
Thee will I love with all my power,—
In all thy works—and thee alone!

Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2. Ah! why did I so late thee know;
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah! why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain!
Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3. I thank thee, uncreated Son,
That thy bright beams on me have
shin'd;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded
mind;
I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

4. Uphold me in the arduous race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light!

5. Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;

Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love all heaven's host inspires:
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

6. Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love beneath thy frown,
Or smile, thy sceptre, or thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

HYMN 101. C. M.

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me!

2. A heart resign'd, submissive, meek;
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3. A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Holy, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine!

HYMN 102. C. M.

- OH for a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sov'reign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
2. Jesus, our God, ascends on high!
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
3. While angels shout and praise their
King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing:
O'er all the earth he reigns.
4. Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

WARFARE AND WATCH-
FULNESS.

HYMN 103. S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God sup-
plies

Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2. Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endu'd;
But take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3. Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;

WATCHFULNESS. 104, 105.

Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

HYMN 104. S. M.

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh;
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2. Go up with Christ your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see!
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory!
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

HYMN 105. S. M. •

BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;

Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.

2. O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above!
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love.

3. My Spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join;
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm
In panoply divine.

4. O may I set my face
His onsets to repel!
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell.

5. But above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me look to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show.

6. Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan,
The never-ceasing prayer.

HYMN 106. C. M.

- AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4. Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
5. Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine

In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 107. P. M.

GO watch and pray, thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust! go watch and pray.

2. Fond youth, while free from blighting
care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change—must pass
away;
Frail child of dust! go watch and pray.

3. Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:
And can vain hope lead *thee* astray?
Go weary pilgrim! watch and pray.

4. Ambition, stop thy panting breath!
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns dark with death,
Before you open lie:
The heav'nly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

HYMN 108. 7s.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end;
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home!"

2. In the way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares:—
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart:
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be:
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home!"

3. But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,

None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home!"

HYMN 109. S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise:
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got thy crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

HYMN 110. L. M.

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise:
In long array, a num'rous host,
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2. See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all that train,
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

3. Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all—guard ev'ry part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

4. Clad in the armour from above,
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love:
Come now, my soul, the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell.

113

PILGRIMAGE.

HYMN 111. 7s.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2. Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod,—
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3. Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you, undismay'd, go on.

5. Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 112. C. M.

SING, all ye ransom'd of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing;
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2. His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
'Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3. Bright garlands of immortal joy,
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4. March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
With joyful hopes still fix your eye,
On Zion's heavenly hill.

HYMN 113. 7s.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme;
Sing aloud the Saviour's name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2. Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3. Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your gloomy fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4. Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Turn, and taste redeeming love.

5. Welcome, all by sin opprest—
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.

6. Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 114. 7s.

PEOPLE of the living God!

I have sought the world around,

Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2. Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.

3. Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4. Mine the God whom you adore—
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign!

HYMN 115. S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2. Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising pow'r;
Sing, how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3. Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.
4. Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.
5. Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.
6. Soon shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 116. 8, 7, 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all the journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 117. 8, 7.

- GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.
2. In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

HYMN 118. L. M.

“WE’VE no abiding city here”—
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2. “We’ve no abiding city here”—
Sad truth, were this to be our home:
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
“We seek a city yet to come.”

3. “We’ve no abiding city here”—
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear;
But let us haste from all below.

4. “We’ve no abiding city here”—
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

HYMN 119. C. M.

WHAT poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

2. Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a King,
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing!

3. Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appriz'd.

4. But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah, they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

5. But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.

6. Why do they shun the pleasing path,
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

7. What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
No other can be found.

HYMN 120. C. M.

INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way,
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.

2. Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3. Oh, come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent pray'r!

4. Oh, come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.
-

REJOICING IN A REVIVAL.

HYMN 121. C. M.

- OH, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!
2. Pleas'd with the news the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.
3. Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

122, 123. REJOICING IN

4. Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

HYMN 122. 7s.

- SAW ye not the cloud arise,
Little as the human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!
2. Lo! the promise of a show'r
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.
3. When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its wid'ning way.
4. Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath giv'n the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.

HYMN 123. L. M.

JESUS, our souls' delightful choice,
In thee believing, we rejoice;

Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.

2. Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.
3. Do thou the languid spark inflame,
That we may conquer in thy name;
And let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust.
4. Unequal to the conflict, Lord,
Too weak to wield the shield or sword,
On thine Almighty arm we fall;
Be thou our Jesus, and our all.

HYMN 124. L. M.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2. With joy, the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love:
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3. The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 125. C. M.

HOW much the drooping hearts revive
Of those who fear the Lord;
When sinners dead are made alive
By his reviving word!

2. The ministers of Christ rejoice,
When souls receive the word—
When ransom'd sinners hear his voice,
Return, and love the Lord.

3. The church of God their praises join,
And of salvation sing:
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious King.

4. In heav'n above, th' angelic throng
Around the throne rejoice,
But sinners sav'd should swell the song
With loudest—sweetest voice.

HYMN 126. S. M.

THE day is drawing nigh,
Still brighter far than this,
When converts like a cloud shall fly
To seek the realms of bliss.

2. What rapt'rous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight,
When sinners up to Zion's hill
Like doves shall speed their flight,

3. Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Son of righteousness!
These happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

HYMN 127. L. M.

LIFT up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Behold the fields already white!
The glorious harvest now is come;
See ransom'd sinners flocking home.

2. Mov'd by the Spirit's softest wind,
Their hearts are all as one inclin'd;
Their former sins and follies mourn;
They bow, and to their God return.

3. Improve the harvest fleeing fast,
E'er yet—the shining season past,

128. REJOICING IN A REVIVAL.

When all the work of life shall end—
The last, the long dark night descend.

HYMN 128. 8, 7, 4.

SEE from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow:
God has open'd there a fountain;
This supplies the plains below:
They are blessed,
Who its sov'reign virtues know.

2. Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O, ye nations!
Hail the long expected day.

3. Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All enriching as it goes:
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose,
Ev'ry object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4. Trees of life the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;

Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,
Pleasure comes and hopes abound:
Fair their portion!
Endless life with glory crown'd.

DARKNESS.

HYMN 129. 7s.

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

2. Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight:
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

3. Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive:
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
Speak the word, and set me free—
Let me live alone to thee!

HYMN 130. 7, 6.

IN time of tribulation

Hear, Lord, my feeble cries,
With humble supplication

To thee my spirit flies:

My heart with grief is breaking,

Scarce can my voice complain:

My eyes with tears kept waking,

Still watch and weep in vain.—

2. The days of old in vision

Bring banish'd bliss to view,

The years of lost fruition

Their joys in pangs renew:

Remember'd songs of gladness

Thro' night's lone silence brought,

Make notes of deeper sadness,

And stir desponding thought.

3. Has God cast off for ever?

Can time his truth impair?

His tender mercy, never

Shall I presume to share?

Hath he his loving-kindness

Shut up in endless wrath?

No: 'tis but human blindness

That cannot see his path.

4. Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are unknown;
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in thee alone:
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder,
Holy are all thy ways;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

HYMN 131. 7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2. Other refuge have I none,
Lo! I, helpless, hang on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Lest I basely shrink and flee.
Thou art all my trust and aid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness—
Vile and full of sin I am:
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Reign, O Lord, within my heart,
Reign to all eternity!

HYMN 132. C. M.

WHY thus impatient to be gone?
Such wishes breathe no more;
Let him who lock'd thy spirit in,
When meet, unbolt the door.

2. Why would'st thou snatch the victor's
palm,
Before the conquest's won?

Or wish to seize th' immortal prize,
Ere yet the race is run?

3. Inglorious wish, to haste away
And leave thy work undone!
To serve thy Lord will please no less,
Than praising round the throne.
4. While thou art standing in the field
For bliss thou'lt riper grow;
Then wait the Lord's appointed time,
Till he shall bid thee go.

HYMN 133. 8, 7, 4.

IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul;
Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.

2. Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given;
Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven;
Sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiven.

3. So, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To re-animate and cheer:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near:
4. Floods of tribulation heighten;
Billows still around me roar;
Those who know not Christ they frighten,
But my soul defies their power:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.
5. In the sacred page recorded,
Thus his word securely stands:
"Fear not: I'm in trouble near thee,
Nought shall pluck thee from my
hands."
Sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands.
6. All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy;
Sweet affliction,
Every promise gives me joy.

7. Wearing there a weight of glory,
 Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
 But exulting cry, it led me
 To my blessed Saviour's feet:
 Sweet affliction,
 Which has brought me to his feet.

COMFORT IN DISTRESS.

HYMN 134. P. M.

DROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
 Jesus still is precious:
 If to him you now return,
 Heav'n will be propitious.
 Jesus now is passing by,
 Calling wand'ers near him:
 Drooping souls, you need not die—
 Go to him and hear him.

2. He has pardons, full and free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Still he cries, "Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy-laden."
 Tho' your sins like mountains high,
 Rise, and reach to heaven;

Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3. Precious is the Saviour's name,
All his saints adore him;
He to save the dying came,
Prostrate bow before him:
Wand'ring sinners, now return—
Contrite souls, believe him!
Jesus calls you; cease to mourn:
Worship him—receive him!

HYMN 135. 7, 6.

GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2. Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;

His might, thine heart shall strengthen,
His love, thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.

HYMN 136. 7, 6.

O GOD of our salvation,
Our refuge in distress,
Our strength and consolation,
Secure us by thy grace!
While in thy peace abiding,
While thou thyself art near,
In thy strong arm confiding
We shall not yield to fear.

2. Though earth were in commotion,
Though mountains high were cast,
Into the depths of ocean,
Amid the stormy blast—
The billows loud and raging,
In vain their foam would pour;
Thy voice, the wrath assuaging
Would still the tempest's roar.

3. There is a peaceful river,
Descending from on high,
Whose streams are pure for ever,
Whose waters cannot dry:

No waves of tribulation
Disturb their gladd'ning course;
The rock of our salvation
Is the unfailing Source.

4. God in the midst is dwelling;
Mount Zion shall not move!
Her streams of grace are swelling,
A tide of boundless love!
Her foes so late conspiring,
Tumultuous in noise,
Like angry waves retiring,
Have melted at his voice.

5. The Lord of hosts is with us,
The God of Jacob near;
With his strong arm beneath us,
Our souls shall never fear!
Our refuge is most glorious!
Be still—for he is God!
His cause shall be victorious!
Earth trembles at his nod!

HYMN 137. P. M.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy
sadness,
'Wake! for thy foes shall oppress thee
no more;

Bright o'er the hills, dawns the day-star
of gladness!

'Rise! for the night of thy sorrows is
o'er!

2. Strong were thy foes; but the arm
that subdu'd them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;

They fled like the chaff, from the scourge
that pursu'd them;

Vain were their steeds, and their chariots of war.

3. Daughter of Zion, the Pow'r that hath
sav'd thee,

Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel
should be;

Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,

'Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion
is free!

HYMN 138. L. M.

TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust and darkness, and the dead!

Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

2. Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glory shall confess.

3. No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4. God from on high has heard thy
prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

HYMN 139. C. M.

GOD counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
He has a book for their complaints,
A bottle for their tears.

2. The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,

Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

3. Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are
great,
And shout the blessing home.

HYMN 140. L. M.

IN God let all his saints rejoice,
With thankful heart, and cheerful voice;
Thus saith his word, so kind, so true,
“I, even I, will comfort you.”

2. Sweet words! oh let us bless his name,
And joyful all his praise proclaim;
These words shall foes and fears subdue,
“I, even I, will comfort you.”

3. Are you in darkness and distress?
Does Satan roar and break your peace?
Fear not, but still the truth review,
“I, even I, will comfort you.”

4. Do sore afflictions on you lay,
And pungent sorrow, day by day?

141. COMFORT IN DISTRESS.

Look to this word, 't will bear you thro',
"I, even I, will comfort you."

5. If death in gloomy form appear,
And overwhelm your souls with fear,
Let this sweet word your faith renew,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

6. Thus while you sojourn here below,
As pilgrims in this world of wo,
Make this your song, your journey thro',
"I, even I, will comfort you."

7. And when each happy soul attains
That blissful state where glory reigns,
This song shall all his powers employ,
"God is my comfort and my joy."

HYMN 141. S. M.

OH, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul!
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3. Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.

4. There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.

5. Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,—
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6. Here would we end our quest—
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.



CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

HYMN 142. L. M.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!

143. CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.

2. To each, the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3. Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and mortal wo;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4. Together oft they seek the place,
Where God reveals his awful face;—
At length they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy—because of love.

HYMN 143. L. M.

BRETHREN, belov'd for Jesus' sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give!

2. May he, at whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!

3. Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise,
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.
4. We'll talk of all he did and said,
His suff'rings and his dying love,
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.
5. Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN 144. C. M.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace;
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.

2. But, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again;
O may thy special presence still
With ev'ry one remain.

3. And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love;

145. CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.

4. All sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then for ever fly;
Nor shall a thought that we must part,
Once interrupt our joy.

HYMN 145. S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
6. From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

HYMN 146. C. M.

- SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promis'd blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.
2. Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.
 3. With us thou art assembled here,
But oh! thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.
 4. Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;

147. CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive."

5. Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the crucified:
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died!

HYMN 147. 7s.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace—
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2. By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
3. Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
4. Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

5. Free from anger and from pride;
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.
6. Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

HYMN 148. C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2. To Jesus' name give thanks and sing
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!
The King is now our Friend!

3. We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down:
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4. O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,

149, 150. CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

HYMN 149. C. M.

HOW sweet and heav'nly is the sight,
When those that fear the Lord,
In mutual love and peace unite,
And thus fulfil his word.

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye
And joy from heart to heart.

3. When love, in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every action glows.

4. This is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom fill'd with love.

HYMN 150. S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace!

Preserv'd by power divine
 To full salvation here,
 Again in Jesus' praise we join,
 And in his sight appear.

2. What troubles have we seen!
 What conflicts have we past!
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Since we assembled last:
 But out of all the Lord
 Hath brought us by his love;
 And still he doth his help afford,
 And hides our life above.

3. Then let us make our boast
 Of his redeeming power,
 Which saves us to the uttermost,
 Till we can sin no more:
 Let us take up the cross,
 Till we the crown obtain,
 And gladly reckon all things loss,
 So we may Jesus gain.

HYMN 151. P. M.

THE Lord's into his garden come,
 The spices yield a rich perfume,
 The lilies grow and thrive:

151. CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2. O, how this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water shall abound,
A fruitful soil become,
The desert blossom as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes
And makes his people one.

3. The glorious time is coming on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is:
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind, as well as me;
Who come to Christ, may live.

4. The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour merciful and kind,
Who will them all receive;
None are too vile who will repent,
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.

5. Come, brethren dear, who know the
Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on:

Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6. We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne—
From Jesus' throne on high!
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

7. But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

8. 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and
sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home:
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

9. Amen, Amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there:

152. LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

Now here's my heart, and here's my
hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more!

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

HYMN 152. C. M.

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with care opprest,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall
cease,
And all be hush'd to rest:
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts that here annoy:
Then they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

2. There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more,
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore:
There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There, they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap eternal joy.

HYMN 153. C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers:
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

3. Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes!
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

154. LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

HYMN 154. C. M.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!

Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2. O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end!

3. There happier bowers than Eden's
bloom,

Nor sin nor sorrow know;

Blest seats! through rude and stormy
scenes,

I onward press to you.

4. Why should I shrink at pain and wo,
Or feel, at death, dismay?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand:

And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6. Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;

Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

HYMN 155. 11s.

I WOULD not live alway, I ask not to
stay,

Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way;

The few lucid moments that dawn on us
here,

Are follow'd by gloom and beclouded
with fear.

I would not live alway; no, blest is the
tomb;

Since Jesus has died, I will welcome its
gloom;

There sweet be my rest, till he bid me
arise,

To hail him in triumph, descending the
skies.

2. I would not live alway, remote from
my God,

An exile from - heaven, that blissful
abode;—

Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally
reigns:

156. LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

There saints of all ages in harmony
sweet,
Their Saviour and Brother transported
to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
the soul.

HYMN 156. P. M.

HEAV'N is the place where troubles
cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The blissful clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more.
And not the shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2. Heav'n is the place where Jesus lives,
To plead his dying blood;
While to his prayers his Father gives
An unknown multitude:
Whose hopes and tongues thro' endless
days,
Shall crown his head with songs of
praise.

3. Heav'n is the dwelling place of joy,
The home of light and love;

Where faith and hope in rapture die,
 And ransom'd souls above
 Enjoy, before th' eternal throne,
 Bliss everlasting and unknown.

HYMN 157. P. M.

FRIEND after friend departs;
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end.
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

2. Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond the reign of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime,
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3. There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown;
 A long eternity of love,
 Form'd for the good alone;
 And faith beholds the dying here,
 Translated to that glorious sphere.

4. Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are pass'd away;

158. LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own
light.

HYMN 158. C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2. O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3. On all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4. No chilling winds, nor poisonous
breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5. When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

HYMN 159. 7, 6.

FROM ev'ry earthly pleasure,
From ev'ry transient joy,
From ev'ry mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die:
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2. From ev'ry piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light:
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

3. 'Tis true we are but strangers
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;

160. LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

Though painful and distressing,
There is a rest above,
And onward we are pressing
To reach that land of love.

HYMN 160. L. M.

I'M glad that I am born to die,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to new Jerusalem.

Hallelujah!

2. I'll praise him while he lends me
breath,
I hope to praise him after death,
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly!

Hallelujah!

3. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

Hallelujah!

4. I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath;

And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well!
Hallelujah!

5. I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds.
Hallelujah!

6. When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
Hallelujah!

7. Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be!
Hallelujah!

HYMN 161. 8, 6.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers giv'n:
There is a tear for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found alone in heav'n.

162. LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

2. There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driv'n;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heav'n.
3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riv'n;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heav'n.
4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are giv'n;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn—of heav'n.

HYMN 162. P. M.

OH! when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2. But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er;
 And since he has prov'd faithful,
 A righteous crown he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

3. Through grace, I am determined
 To conquer, though I die;
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love, I'll fly!
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu;
 Then, O my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4. Whene'er you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 O cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray;
 Gird on the heavenly armour
 Of faith, and hope, and love;
 Then, when the combat's ended,
 He'll carry you above.

163, 164. FAMILY WORSHIP.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

HYMN 163. P. M.

THRO' the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Thro' the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, thou our refuge be,
While we sweetly trust in thee.

2. Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Still beset with snares and dangers,
Let us in thine arms repose:
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heav'n at last.

HYMN 164. L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waste, ?
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations near my bed.
4. In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
5. Thus, when the night of death shall
come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN 165. C. M.

THRO' all the dangers of the night,
Preserved, O Lord! by thee;
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

2. Preserve us, Lord! throughout the day,
And guide us by thy arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou dost keep from harm.

166. FAMILY WORSHIP.

3. Let all our words, and all our ways,
Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

4. Let us ne'er turn away from thee;
Dear Saviour, hold us fast,
Till, with immortal eyes, we see
Thy glorious face at last.

HYMN 166. C. M.

THE morning breaks; my voice I raise
To thee, great God above!
Accept my prayer, my feeble praise,
In kindness and in love.

2. Forgive the crimes that I have done;
My follies I deplore;
And since another day's begun,
O may I love thee more.

3. Preserve me from all ill, I pray,
And guide me with thine eye,
And grant through every hour I may
On grace divine rely.

4. Keep me from sinful thoughts, O Lord,
And make my heart sincere;

FAMILY WORSHIP. 167, 168.

Make me to read thy holy word
With reverence and fear.

5. Then shall I be prepared below
For thy eternal home;
Where pleasures like a river flow,
And sorrows never come.

HYMN 167. L. M.

O GOD! I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest has passed away;
And that I see my Father's smile,
In this fair light that makes it day.

2. Be thou my guide, and let me live
As under thy all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

HYMN 168. L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2. Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, while I slept;

169. FAMILY WORSHIP.

Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3. Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
4. Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their
might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

HYMN 169. C. M.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BEGONE, my worldly cares away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight;
Let me begin th' ensuing day,
Before I end this night.

2. Yes, let the work of pray'r and praise
Employ my heart and tongue;
Begin, my soul!—thy Sabbath days
Can never be too long.

3. Let the past mercies of the week
Excite a grateful frame;
Not let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.
4. On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heav'n ascend:
I long to welcome in the morn,
With thee the day to spend.

HYMN 170. L. M.

SABBATH MORNING.

- LORD of the Sabbath and its light!
I hail thy hallowed day of rest;
It is my weary soul's delight,
The solace of my care-worn breast.
2. Its dewy morn, its glowing noon,
Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,
Pass sweetly; but they pass too soon,
And leave me sadden'd at this flight:
 3. Yet, sweetly as they glide along,
And hallowed tho' the calm they yield,
Transporting tho' their rapturous song,
Tho' heav'nly visions seem reveal'd,
 4. My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untuned remains,

171. FAMILY WORSHIP.

Unless, my Saviour, thou art near,
To heal my wounds, and soothe my
pains.

5. O Jesus, ever let me hail
Thy presence with thy day of rest,
Then will thy servant never fail
To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

HYMN 171. L. M.

SABBATH EVENING.

ANOTHER day has pass'd along,
And we are nearer to the tomb;
Nearer to join the heav'nly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

2. Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there,
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer!

3. The time, how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below:
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

4. Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;

And while these sacred moments roll
Faith sees a smiling heav'n above.

5. Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod:
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

HYMN 172. S. M.

THE power to bless my house,
Belongs to God alone;
Yet rendering him my constant vows,
He sends his blessings down.

2. Shall I not then engage
My house to serve the Lord,
To search the soul-converting page,
And feed upon his word!—

3. To ask with faith and hope
The grace our God supplies,—
In prayer and praise to offer up
Our daily sacrifice?

4. Saviour of men, incline
The hearts which thou hast made,
Which thou hast bought with blood di-
vine,
To ask thy promis'd aid.

173, 174. FAMILY WORSHIP.

5. Me and my house receive,
Thy family t' increase,
And let us in thy favour live,
And let us die in peace.

HYMN 173. S. M.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

2. Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing;
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3. Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

4. My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

HYMN 174. C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,

And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4. I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

HYMN 175. 7, 6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

HYMN 176. 7, 6.

ON Thibet's snow-capt mountains,
O'er Afric's burning sand,
Where roll the fiery fountains
Adown Hawaii's strand—
In every distant nation,
The mighty globe around,
The heralds of salvation
The gospel trumpet sound.

2. In golden armour blazing
They press their onward way,
And high in air upraising,
The glorious cross display:

Away their weapons hurling,
The warring nations cease,
And hail with joy, unfurling
The banneret of peace.

3. Where sin hath fix'd her dwelling,
Where Death the tyrant reigns,
The heavenly notes are swelling
In loudest, sweetest strains;
They breathe—the bones are shaken,
And clothed with flesh, arise,—
They bid the dead awaken
To glory in the skies.

4. What though hell's fiery regions
Pour forth their dread array!
Look up!—angelic legions
Attend you on your way.
March on, ye sons of heaven,
This precious promise sing—
“The heathen shall be given
To Christ, our glorious King!”

HYMN 177. 7, 6.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepar'd for Zion's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle show'r,
And brighter scenes before us
Are op'ning ev'ry hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heav'nly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home,

Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, the Lord is come!

HYMN 178. 7, 6.

HAIL, to the Lord's anointed!

Great David's greater Son;

Hail, in the time appointed,

His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression,

To set the captive free;

To take away transgression,

And rule in equity.

2. He comes, with succour speedy,

To those who suffer wrong;

To help the poor and needy,

And bid the weak be strong;

To give them songs for sighing,

Their darkness turn to light,

Whose souls, condemn'd and dying

Were precious in his sight.

3. He shall come down like showers

Upon the fruitful earth,

And love, and joy, like flowers,

Spring in his path to birth:

Before him, on the mountains,

Shall peace, the herald, go,

And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4. For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever:
That name to us is—LOVE!

HYMN 179. 7, 6.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below,—
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destin'd shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more.

2. O thou, eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Deliver them from harm!
Thy presence still be with them,
Wherever they may be;

Tho' far from those who love them,
O let them be with thee!

HYMN 180. 8, 7, 4.

YES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in ev'ry land!
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2. Let us hail the joyful season;
Let us hail the dawning ray:
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day;
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3. While the foe becomes more daring;
While he enters like a flood;
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad;
Ev'ry language
Soon shall teach the love of God.

4. God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;

Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world in ev'ry land:
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

HYMN 181. 8, 7, 4.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness;
Cheer'd by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2. Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness!
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

3. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

HYMN 182. 8. 7, 4.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2. Hasthy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well belov'd.

3. God, thy God will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

HYMN 183. 8, 7, 4.

MEN of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth!
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth!

2. What tho' earth and hell united,
Should oppose the Saviour's plan?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted:
Fear ye not the face of man:
Vain their tumult,
Stop his work they never can.

3. When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend:
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend.
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

HYMN 184. 8, 7, 4.

MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well;

Friends, connexions, happy country!

Can I bid you all farewell?

Can I leave you—

Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2. Home! thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell;

Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!

Can I—can I say—farewell?

Can I leave thee—

Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days, and Sabbath bell,

Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!

Can I say at last—farewell?

Can I leave you—

Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4. Yes: I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well!

Far away, ye billows bear me;

Lovely native land, farewell!

Pleased I leave thee—

Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5. In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell

How he died, the blessed Saviour!
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell;—
Heaves my breast with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell;
Glad I bid thee,
Native land!—Farewell!—Farewell!

HYMN 185. 7s.

SEE that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred currents flow;
With her own maternal hand,
'Mid the waves her infant throw!

2. Hark! I hear the piteous scream;
Frightful monsters seize their prey;
Or the dark and bloody stream
Bears the struggling child away!

3. Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear;
But the mother's heart is steel,
She, unmov'd, that cry can hear.

4. Send, O send the Bible there:
Let its precepts reach the heart;
She may then her children spare,
She may act the mother's part.

HYMN 186. L. M.

THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2. We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sov'reign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.

3. Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
That his dominion shall extend,
Till ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,
And ev'ry knee before him bend?

4. Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banish'd people home.

HYMN 187. L. M.

THE trump of Israel's jubilee
Shall sound aloud from Calvary,
And bid the wand'ring exiles, "Come,
And find in Zion still a home."

2. Israel shall hear—that thrilling sound
Shall reach to earth's remotest bound,
And gather to that holy place
The fugitives of Jacob's race.

3. Their exil'd tribes shall yet return,
Shall come to Calvary and mourn;
And, bow'd beneath Messiah's sway,
With willing hearts his rule obey.

HYMN 188. L. M.

THAT mighty angel, to whose hand
The everlasting word is giv'n,
Waves his broad wing o'er sea and land,
And soaring, cleaves the vault of
heav'n.

2. And say—shall aught oppose his
flight?—
Aught dim with clouds his flaming
scroll?

No!—not till truth with holy light
Shall visit ev'ry heathen soul!

3. Not till blest Peace shall spring to
birth;
Till hatred sheath his useless sword;
Not till the nations of the earth
Become the kingdoms of the Lord.

HYMN 189. L. M.

SOV'REIGN of worlds! display thy
pow'r,
Be this thy Zion's favour'd hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown;
And be the universe thine own.

3. Speak! and the world shall hear thy
voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

HYMN 190. L. M.

MILLIONS there are on heathen ground,
Who never heard the gospel's sound;
Lord, send it forth, and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.

2. Guide thou their lips, who stand to tell
Sinners the way that leads from hell:
To those who give, do thou impart
A gen'rous, wise, and tender heart.

3. Lord, crown their zeal, reward their
care,
That in thy grace they all may share;
And those who now in darkness dwell,
Deliv'rance sing from guilt and hell.

HYMN 191. 8, 7, 4.

WHO, but thou, Almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till thou favour,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2. Thou hast promis'd by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:

Come, and bless bewilder'd nations,
 Change our pray'rs and tears to praise;
 Promis'd Spirit!
 Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3. All our hopes, and pray'rs, and labours,
 Must be vain without thine aid:
 But thou wilt not disappoint us—
 All is true that thou hast said;
 Faithful Spirit!
 O'er the world thine influence shed.

HYMN 192. 8, 7.

HARK! a cry among the nations!
 "Come, and let us seek the Lord:
 Vain our former expectations;
 Vain the idols we ador'd:
 Zion's King is God alone,
 Let us bow before his throne."

2. See! from ev'ry quarter flowing,
 Joyful crowds assemble round:
 Love, in ev'ry heart is glowing:
 Praise is heard in ev'ry sound;
 While Jehovah shows his face,
 Glory fills the sacred place.

3. Weapons meant for mutual slaughter
 Now are instruments of peace;

They who taste the living water,
Learn from war and strife to cease:
Jesus reigns—the earth is still—
All the nations do his will.

HYMN 193. C. M.

SHEPHERD of Israel, thou didst lead
Thy flock the desert through,
And from between the Cherubim
Thy beaming mercy show.

2. And tho' their sins provok'd thee oft
To give them for a prey,
Yet didst thou for thy mercies' sake
Oft turn thy wrath away.

3. But now for ages they have been
Far banish'd from thy sight,
Wand'ring through all the earth, as those
In whom is no delight.

4. Yet is thy word of promise sure,
That they shall be restor'd,
And with the Gentile church unite
To love and serve the Lord.

5. Our faith in expectation waits
With ever longing eyes;

194, 195. FLIGHT OF TIME.

Oh, bid the shadows flee away—
That glorious morning rise.

HYMN 194. L. M.

ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long lost, scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land.

2. Their mis'ry let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;
O God of Israel, hear our pray'r,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3. How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn?
And wilt thou ne'er, appeas'd, return?

4. Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescu'd tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

FLIGHT OF TIME.

HYMN 195. C. P. M.

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,

Yet how insensible!

A point of time—a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heav'nly place,
Or, shuts me up in hell!

2. O God, my inmost soul convert;
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late!
Wake me to righteousness.

3. Before me place in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4. Be this my own great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

HYMN 196. C. M.

THE mighty flood that rolls along
In torrents to the main,

197. FLIGHT OF TIME.

The waters lost can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

2. The days, the years, the ages dark,
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd,
Back to the gates of light.
3. Where are our Fathers?—Whither gone
The mighty men of old!
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enroll'd?—
4. Gone to the resting place of man,
His long, his silent home;
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come!

HYMN 197. L. M.

OFT as the bell with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

2. "Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3. "Then leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state."

4. Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sins, and let me live.

5. Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

HYMN 198. C. M.

THE time is short! the season near,
When death will us remove
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2. The time is short! sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is call'd to-day.

3. The time is short! ye rebels, now
To Christ the Lord submit:

199. FLIGHT OF TIME.

To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

4. The time is short! ye saints rejoice,
The Lord will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
To call you to your home.

5. The time is short! it swiftly flies,
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wish'd for land.

6. The time is short! the moment near,
When we shall dwell above;
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

HYMN 199. P. M.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigour soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms:
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclos'd in death's cold arms.

2. Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb.
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty soon above,
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

HYMN 200. S. M.

LORD, what a feeble piece
 Is this our mortal frame!
 Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
 That scarce deserves the name!

2. Alas, the brittle clay,
 That built our body first!
 And every month and every day
 'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3. Our moments fly apace,
 And time will ne'er delay;
 Just like a flood our hasty days
 Are sweeping us away.

4. Well, if our days must fly,
 We'll keep their end in sight,

201. FLIGHT OF TIME.

We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5. They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity!

HYMN 201. S. M.

HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That hastens to the sea;
How strong the tide that bears our souls
On—to eternity!

2. Our fathers, where are they?
With all they call'd their own;
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and
cares,
And wealth and honour?—gone!

3. There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

4. God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!

While we, on life's extremest verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

5. Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

HYMN 202. S. M.

THE present moment flies,
And bears our life away,
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

2. Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.

3. One thing demands our care—
O, be it still pursu'd—
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

4. To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

HYMN 203. C. M.

MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.
O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs!

2. Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
The sighing ones that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

3. Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast insnare.
Courage, my soul, on God rely;
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

HYMN 204. C. P. M.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my
years,

Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch thro' boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll!

2. The grave is near the cradle seen:
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly—
Unthinking man, remember this,
Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die!

3. My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or, sink in endless night.

4. Long ere the sun has run its round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot:
Alas! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall intervene
My name be quite forgot.

5. But shall my soul be then extinct,
And cease to be, or cease to think?

It cannot, cannot be:

Thou! my immortal, canst not die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

6. Will mercy then, its arms extend?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend?

And heaven thy dwelling place?

Or shall insulting fiends appear,
'To drag thee down to black despair,
Beyond the reach of grace?



NEW YEAR.

HYMN 205. C. M.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2. From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;

And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3. Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.

4. And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room,

HYMN 206. C. M.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

2. On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing year!

3. Not many years their rounds shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes:

4. Ye wheels of nature, speed your
course;
Ye mortal pow'rs, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day!

HYMN 207. 7s.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted thro' the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

2. Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

3. As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies,
Darts and leaves no trace behind:

4. Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

5. Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view.
6. Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with the Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above!
-

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

HYMN 208. 7, 6.

BEFORE thy footstool kneeling,
 O Lord, to thee we cry:
 While for thy gift of healing
 We raise our voice on high:
 Diseases and afflictions
 Thy ready servants are;
 Chastisements and corrections
 To quicken us in pray'r.

2. We own our guilt and folly,
 But thou canst still forgive;

And thou, most high and holy,
Canst bid the sick revive:
Though now cast down in sorrow,
In darkness and distress;
Joy may return to-morrow,
Through thy restoring grace.

3. As suppliants now before thee,
Beside affliction's bed;
Physician, we adore thee,
And trembling ask thine aid;
Before thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, to thee we cry;
Send down thy gift of healing,
Our souls on thee rely.

HYMN 209. L. M.

FOR A SICK MINISTER.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

2. Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

3. Bound to each soul by tend'rest ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

4. Yet, if our supplications fail,
And pray'rs and tears cannot prevail:
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

HYMN 210. C. M.

'TIS hard, from those we love, to go,
Who weep beside our bed,
Whose tears bedew our burning brow,
Whose arm supports our head:

2. When fading from the dizzy view,
I sought their forms in vain;
The bitterness of death I knew,
And groan'd to live again.

3. 'Tis dreadful when the accuser's pow'r
Assails the sinking heart,
Recalling ev'ry wasted hour,
And each unworthy part.

4. Yet, Jesus, in that mortal fray,
Thy blessed comfort stole,

211, 212. SICKNESS

Like sunshine in an autumn day
Across my darken'd soul.

5. When soon, or late, this feeble breath
No more to thee can pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way.

6. When cloth'd in fleshly weeds again,
I wait thy dread decree;
Judge of the world, remember then,
That thou hast died for me.

HYMN 211. C.M.

JESUS! the vision of thy face,
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
If Christ be in my arms:
Then, while ye hear my heart-strings
break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul!

HYMN 212. 7s.

PARTING soul, the floods await thee,
And the billows round thee roar,

Yet rejoice, the holy city
Stands on yon celestial shore.

2. There are crowns and thrones of glory,
There the living waters glide;
There the just, in shining raiment,
Standing by Immanuel's side.

3. Linger not, the stream is narrow,
Tho' its cold dark waters rise;
He who pass'd the flood before thee
Guides thy path to yonder skies.

HYMN 213. C. M.

AMID the anguish and the strife
That shrinking nature fears;
Look gently down, great Source of Life,
And dry these starting tears.

2. Serene, like Jacob, I would die—
Would "gather up my feet;"
And chide the ling'ring hours that fly,
My Saviour God to meet.

3. My dearest comforts I could leave,
With glory in my eyes;
Could wipe the tears of those that grieve,
And point them to the skies—

4. Could say to them, if thou art nigh
When life's last hour I view;
Could joyful say, "Behold I die,
But God shall dwell with you."

HYMN 214. 7s.

WHY lament the Christian dying?
Why indulge in tears or gloom?
Calmly on the Lord relying,
He can greet the op'ning tomb.

2. What if death, with icy fingers,
All the fount of life congeals?
'Tis not there thy brother lingers,
'Tis not death his spirit feels.

3. Tho' for him thy soul is mourning,
Tho' with grief thy heart is riv'n:
While his flesh to dust is turning,
All his soul is fill'd with heav'n.

4. Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay;
See him rise o'er death victorious,
Angels beckon him away.

5. Hark! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds unearthly fill his ear;

Millions now in heaven singing,
Greet his joyful entrance there.

HYMN 215. 7s.

HASTE, my spirit, haste away,
'Tis thy glorious Saviour calls;
Leave this tenement of clay:
Quit its broken, shatter'd walls;
Through these ruins I descry
Gleams of immortality!

2. Cease, my friends, to weep for me,
Let me rather mourn for you;
Far from sin and wo I flee,
Christ and heav'n are in my view;
Dare not wish my soul to stay,
Angels beckon me away.

3. To the sov'reign hand of death
Earthly blessings I resign;
Lord, to thee I yield my breath,
Take this ransom'd soul of mine,
And my songs of joy shall be
Ceaseless as eternity!

HYMN 216. 7s.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!

Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying—
 O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life!

2. Hark! they whisper—angels say,
 “Sister-spirit, come away!”
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
 Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

3. The world recedes!—it disappears!—
 Heav'n opens on my eyes!—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring!
 Lend, lend your wings!—I mount! I fly!
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?

HYMN 217. L. M.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of
 death,
 I soon shall gather up my feet;
 Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
 And die—my Father, God to meet.

2. Number'd among thy people, I
 Expect with joy thy face to see:

Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3. O that, without a ling'ring groan,
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

4. Walk with me through the dreadful
shade,
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
I shall into thy hands resign.

5. No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence
cheers:
My Light, my Life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears!

HYMN 218. C. M.

WHY do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?

Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?

There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4. The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed:

Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5. Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:

Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

HYMN 219. P. M.

THIS place is holy ground:

World, with thy cares away;

Silence and darkness reign around:

But soon the break of day—

The resurrection dawn appears,

To shine upon this scene of tears.

2. Behold the bed of death,

This pale and lovely clay,

Heard ye the sob of parting breath?

Mark'd ye the eye's last ray?

No! life so sweetly ceased to be.

It lapsed in immortality!

3. Could tears revive the dead,

Rivers would swell our eyes;

Could sighs recall the spirit fled,

We would not quench our sighs

Till love illum'd this alter'd mien,

And all th' imbodied souls were seen.

4. Bury the dead—and weep

In stilness o'er your loss;—

Bury the dead; in Christ they sleep

Who bore on earth his cross.

Soon from the grave the dust shall rise,

In his own image, to the skies!

HYMN 220. L. M.

SWEET is the scene where Christians
die,

Where holy souls retire to rest:

How mildly beams the closing eye!

How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2. So fades a summer cloud away;

So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3. Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fann'd by some guardian angel's
wing;—

O grave! where is thy vict'ry now,
And where, O death, where is thy
sting!

HYMN 221. L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the lust of foes!

2. Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no wo, shall dim that hour,
That so displays the Saviour's power.

4. Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be:

Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high!

5. Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding place;"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

HYMN 222. 10, 6, 8.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals
upon my frame!

Is it death—is it death?

Which soon will quench, will quench
this vital frame;

Is it death—is it death?

If this is death, I soon shall be
From ev'ry pain and sorrow free:

I shall the King of glory see!

All is well—all is well.

222. SICKNESS AND DEATH.

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends weep
not for me ;

All is well—all is well!

My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd, I am
free;

All is well—all is well!

There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes:
I soon shall mount the upper skies!

All is well—all is well.

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps ye
saints in glory;

All is well—all is well!

I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing
story,—

All is well—all is well!

Bright angels are from glory come;
They're round my bed, and in my
room:

They wait to waft my spirit home;

All is well—all is well.

4. Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and
Master calls me;

All is well—all is well!

I soon shall see, shall see his face in
glory!—

All is well—all is well!
Farewell, my friends—adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you:
My glitt'ring crown appears in view.
All is well—all is well.

JUDGMENT.

HYMN 223. L. M.

THO' in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

CHORUS.

*For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.*

2. Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they
knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?

3. Oh! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4. We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5. The tares are spar'd for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

6. But tho' they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

7. Most awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

HYMN 224. 8, 7, 4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound!

Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!

How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2. See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine."
Gracious Saviour!
Own me on that day for thine.

3. At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4. Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part!"

5. But to those who have confess'd,
Loved and served your Lord below,

He will say, "Come in, ye bless'd,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love in glory know."

6. Under sorrows and reproaches,
Let this thought our courage raise;
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be turn'd to praise;
May we triumph
When this world is in a blaze.

HYMN 225. C. M.

BEHOLD, that great and awful day
Of parting soon will come,
When sinners must be hurl'd away,
And Christians gather'd home.

2. Sinners among the damn'd shall lie,
Bound with a fiery chain;
And gnash their teeth, and howl, and cry,
And wring their hands in vain.

3. Then shall the saints, through grace
divine,
Drink in perpetual bliss:
In God's delightful image shine,
And dwell where Jesus is.

4. O how it melts my soul to think
Of meeting round the throne!
Eternal joys we then shall drink,
Where sorrows never come.
5. There, tears shall all be wiped away,
And glory shall begin;
The Lamb of God will smiling say,
“Come in, my saints, come in.”

HYMN 226. 8, 7, 4.

- SEE th' eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne;
Now, poor sinner, Christ will show thee
That he's with the Father, one;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.
2. Hear the sinner now lamenting
At the sight of fiercer pain,
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he weeps and cries in vain;
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.
3. Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love!
O! that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his Spirit move!

Doom'd I'm justly,
For I oft against him strove.

4. All his wooing I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul,
If my vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke them all:
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll!

5. There I see my godly neighbours;
Who were once despis'd by me;
Now they're clad in dazzling splendour,
Waiting, my sad fate to see;
Farewell, neighbours—
Dismal gulf! I'm bound for thee.

HYMN 227. 8, 7.

SINNERS, take the friendly warning—
Soon that awful day shall break,
And the trumpet with its dawning,
All the slumb'ring millions wake.

2. See assembled every nation!—
Lofty cities, temples, tow'rs,
Wrapp'd in dreadful conflagration,
Earth and sea the flame devours.

3. Ye, who to the world dissemble,
While you practise deeds of night,
Sinners, now behold and tremble;
All your crimes are brought to light.
4. Lost in ease, or carnal pleasure,
Sporting on the burning brink;
Now, you say, you have no leisure,
You can find no time to think.
5. Ye—who now, conviction stifling,
Waste your time—the loss deplore;
Hear the angel—cease your trifling—
“Time,” he cries, “shall be no more.”
6. Pause, and hear the voice of reason:
Catch the moments as they fly:
You who lose the present season,
You must all find time to die.

HYMN 228. P. M.

OH there will be mourning, mourning,
mourning, mourning:
Oh there will be mourning, at the judg-
ment seat of Christ!
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

2. Oh there will be mourning, &c.
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
3. Oh there will be mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
4. Oh there will be mourning, &c.
Friends and neighbours there will part,
Friends and neighbours there will part,
Friends and neighbours there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
5. Oh there will be mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
6. Oh there will be mourning, &c.
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

7. Oh there will be shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

HYMN 229. C. P. M.

THAT warning voice, O sinner, hear,
And while salvation lingers near,
The heav'nly call obey;
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath
That rises o'er thy way.

2. Soon night comes on with thick'ning
shade,
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour,
The light'nings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise,
What terrors fill that hour!

3. That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace:
Renounce thy sins, and be forgiv'n,
Believe, become an heir of heav'n,
And sing redeeming grace.

4. Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,
The heav'ns are all serene;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous
fields,
Joy echoes on the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

HYMN 230. C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
'Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2. Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3. The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4. What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death for ever fly!

5. O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

HYMN 231. P. M.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels
roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp
of his ire;
Self-moving, it drives on its path-way of
cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of
Godhead are bow'd.

2. The glory! the glory! around him are
pour'd,
The myriads of angels that wait on the
Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs
are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory
wear.

3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead
have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd mo-
numents stirr'd!

From ocean and earth, from the south
pole and north,
Lo, the vast generations of ages come
forth!

4. The judgment! the judgment! the
thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested
elders are met.
All flesh is at once in the sight of the
Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his
word.

5. O mercy! O mercy! look down from
above;
Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with
love;
When beneath to their darkness the
wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome
in heaven!

FAREWELL AND DISMISSION.

HYMN 232. P. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be
gone,
I have no home to stay with you,

I'll take my staff, and travel on,
Till I a better world do view;
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.

2. Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals, care or bliss,
I leave you here and travel on
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Farewell, &c.

3. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love:
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
Farewell, &c.

4. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for
heaven,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be
given.
Farewell, &c.

5. Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you;
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view;

Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.

6. Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn and find salvation near:
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

HYMN 233. P. M.

FARE ye well, ye favourite few,
I must bid you all adieu;
But the Lord is with you still,
Fear you not, but fare you well.

2. Fare ye well, ye little flock,
Whom the world revile and mock;
Keep the way to endless bliss,
Then you cannot fare amiss.
3. Fare ye well, my Lord's elect,
Trials you must all expect:
From the world, the flesh, and hell,
But the faithful shall fare well.
4. Fare ye well, ye saints of God,
Wash'd and cleansed in Jesus' blood:

Strive in goodness to excel,
Live to God, and you'll fare well.

5. Fare ye well, ye pious band,
March ye on for Canaan's land,
Tread on all the powers of hell,
March in faith, and you'll fare well.
6. Fare ye well, brave soldiers dear,
Crowns of life you all may wear:
Christ will all your foes repel,
Fight in faith, and you'll fare well.
7. Ye who taste a Saviour's love,
Feel his drawings from above,
Still endeavour to excel,
And you'll finally fare well.
8. Fare ye well, poor sinners, too,
Jesus Christ still waits for you;
Now repent, and 'scape from hell,
Flee to Christ, and you'll fare well.
9. Feeble souls, with fears opprest,
Jesus bears you on his breast;
He will all your fears dispel,
Fear ye not, but fare ye well.
10. When a few more storms are o'er,
We shall meet to part no more;

Meet, with Jesus Christ to dwell
In a world where all fare well.

HYMN 234. C. M.

NOW, brethren, to your homes repair,
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.

2. Praise God, whose mercies brought
you here,
Whose goodness keeps you still;
Whose grace with joy your souls can
cheer,
Whose power subdues your will.

3. Praise him for what your ears have
heard,
For what your eyes have seen;
Praise him for what has here occur'd,
For all you feel within:

4. Improve the strength you here have
gain'd,
To do his holy will:
Improve the knowledge here attain'd,
To love and serve him still.

DISMISSION. 235, 236.

5. Let not the world have cause to say,
You serv'd your God for nought;
But grow in grace from day to day,
As you have here been taught.
6. To friends and neighbours all around,
O let your graces shine;
In ways of holiness abound,
And live a life divine.
7. And now, my Christian friends, adieu,
May Jesus with you dwell;
May grace and peace abide with you:
"So now, dear friends, farewell."

HYMN 235. L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2. Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release;
And bid us all—Depart in peace.

HYMN 236. P. M.

JESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above;

May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in his love;
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2. Jesus pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been,
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again;

3. May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

HYMN 237. 8. 7. 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;

May the fruit of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3. So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay;
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day!

HYMN 238. L. M.

AMEN! my Father hears my prayers,
He knows my sorrows, counts my tears;
He never said to Jacob's race—
In vain you seek your Father's face.

2. Amen! my precious Jesus lives,
And access to his people gives;
A rainbow now surrounds the throne;
And in his name I boldly come.

3. Amen! the Spirit will impart
His sacred influ'nce to my heart;
He'll teach and help me when I pray,
Nor shall I go asham'd away.

4. Amen! the words my lips pronounce,
The wishes of my soul announce;
And God more willing is to give,
Than I am willing to receive.
5. Amen! I said, when first I gave
Myself to Christ that he might save;
And still my tongue repeats that word,
Whene'er I call upon my Lord.
6. Amen! I will not faint or cease,
But wait as long as he shall please;
Depending, praying, pressing on,
Till to himself he takes me home.
7. Amen! the cov'nant is secure,
In all things order'd well, and sure;
The promises confirm'd remain;
In Christ they're yea, in him--Amen.
8. Amen!—This is the Saviour's name,
He is the faithful, true Amen;
As he hath said, so shall it be,
Amen to all eternity!

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

HYMN 239. 8, 7, 4.

(J. F. BERG.)

WITH ten thousand saints attended,
See the "King of kings" appear!
Now the day of grace is ended,
Sinners' hearts are filled with fear;
No more mercy:
Mercy's voice no more they hear.

2. As a fig-tree, lightning riven,
Sheds its fruit upon the ground,
So the stars of heav'n are driven—
Place to seek—but none is found.
Black as sackcloth,
All the heavens are hung around.

3. Now all faces gather paleness,
Mighty men, and rich and chief,—
All creation faints and sickens,
Knows not where to seek relief:
Gasping, fainting,
Knows not where to seek relief.

4. Hark! the wailing of despisers!
When they see the Crucified—

239. MISCELLANEOUS.

Thousands rob'd in white surround him,
Hail him as the Lamb that died!

They who pierc'd him
In dismay their faces hide.

5. Now the joyous notes are ringing
Thro' the arches of the sky;
Angels—heav'nly anthems singing—
Giving praise to God on high!

Saints and angels
Hymning praise to God on high!

6. Jesus bids his followers welcome:
Points to mansions in the sky!—
“Come, my children—take the kingdom:
Come, and dwell with me on high!

Take the kingdom—
Come and dwell with me on high!”

7. O! what glory streams from heaven,
Full upon the blood-wash'd throng;
Hark—they triumph as they enter!—
Glory—glory—is their song;

Glory—glory!
GLORY is the conquerors' song.

8. No more sickness—no more sadness,
Ev'ry tear is wip'd away;

Gloom and doubt are turn'd to gladness:
Night and darkness into day;—
No more sorrow:
Sorrow now has fled away.

HYMN 240. S. M.

(J. F. BERG.)

WHAT though the tempest rage,
And storms around me howl;
Jesus, thou canst their wrath assuage,
Thou lover of my soul!

2. In thee I trust, my Life,
My Refuge, when distress'd!
On thee, dear Lord, I lean,—and strife
Is hush'd upon thy breast.

3. Give me but peace within,
Devils and men may frown;
'Twill not be long, e'er free from sin,
I lay this body down.

4. I'll take my shroud, and sleep
Securely in the grave:
For Jesus can my *ashes* keep,
If he my *soul* could save!

241. MISCELLANEOUS.

5. And when th' angelic crowd
Shall bid the sleepers wake,
I'll soar aloft, and drop my shroud—
My robe and crown to take!

6. And, as I mount, I'll sing—
Glory—Hallelujah!
Until the sound thro' heav'n shall ring,
Glory, Hallelujah!

HYMN 241. S. M.

(J. F. BERG.)

SINNER! thou wilt not yield
Thy stubborn heart to God;—
But, tell me, hast thou found a shield
To save thee from his rod?

2. His mercy long has sued,
But sued, alas, in vain!
And still with tenderness imbued,
Sinner, he calls again:

3. To-day he cries, "BEWARE!
For death is at thy door;"
His arm for vengeance now is bare;
Sinner, he calls once more:

4. "Turn, dying sinner, turn,
Thine hour of grace improve:
Wilt thou in endless torments burn,
Or, dwell with me above?"

HYMN 242. 7s.

- "Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or, am I not?
2. If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name:
3. Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
4. When I turn mine eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin:
Can I deem myself a child?
5. If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;

243. MISCELLANEOUS.

You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?

6. Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all!

7. Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's Sun:
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

8. Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 243. C. M.

'TIS first of all thyself to know,
To feel the plague of sin,
Expos'd to everlasting wo,
And nothing good within:

2. To know thy wretched, sinful state,
Averse to all that's good;
To feel thy guilt exceeding great,
Thy heart oppos'd to God:

3. To know thy law-condemned case,
And own thy sentence just;
Thy heart subdu'd by sov'reign grace,
And humbled in the dust:
4. To know the pangs of pious grief,
For sins against the Lord;
To know that nought can give relief,
But trusting in his word:
5. To know that thou art born of God,
Thy num'rous sins forgiv'n,
Thy soul redeem'd by Jesus' blood,
And thou, an heir of heav'n.

HYMN 244. L. M.

- AND what am I?—my soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice—or in heart, appear?
2. What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd, and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine,
In thought, and word, and action shine?
3. Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal:

245. MISCELLANEOUS.

Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread.

4. May I at that blest world arrive,
Where Christ thro' all my soul shall live;
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

HYMN 245. P. M.

SAW ye my Saviour! Saw ye my Sa-
viour!

Saw ye my Saviour and God?
Oh! he died on Calvary, to atone for you
and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2. He was extended! he was extended!
Shamefully nail'd to the cross;
Oh! he bow'd his head and died! thus
my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3. Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung
bleeding!
Three dreadful hours in pain;
Oh! the sun refus'd to shine, when his
majesty divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain!

4. Darkness prevail'd! darkness prevail'd!

Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
Oh! the solid rocks were rent, through
creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.

5. When it was finish'd, when it was
finish'd,

And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great, and embalm'd
in spices sweet,
And in a new sepulchre laid.

6. Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty
Saviour!

Prince and Author of peace;
Oh! he burst the bands of death, and triumphant
through the east,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7. Now interceding! now interceding!

Pleading that sinners may live;
Crying, Father, I have died! Oh behold
my hands and side,
To redeem them;—I pray thee forgive.

246. MISCELLANEOUS.

8. I will forgive them;—I will forgive
 them,
 If they'll repent and believe;
Let them now return to me, and be re-
 concil'd to thee,
 And salvation they all shall receive.

HYMN 246. P. M.

OH, ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die, and wear the shroud;
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb;
 Then you'll cry, and want to be
 Happy in eternity.

2. Will you go to heav'n—or hell?
One you must, and there to dwell;
Christ will come, and quickly too:
I must meet him, so must you;
 'Then you'll cry, and want to be
 Happy in eternity.

3. The white throne will soon appear;
All the world must then draw near:
Sinners will be driven down—
Saints will wear the starry crown.

Then you'll cry and want to be
Happy in eternity.

HYMN 247. C. M.

- AH, what can I, a sinner, do,
With all my guilt opprest?
I feel the hardness of my heart,
And conscience knows no rest.
2. Great God, thy good and perfect law
Does all my life condemn,
The secret evils of my soul
Fill me with fear and shame.
3. How many precious Sabbaths gone,
I never can recall;
And oh, what cause have I to mourn,
Who misimprov'd them all!
4. How long, how often have I heard
Of Jesus, and of heaven;
Yet scarcely listen'd to his word,
Or pray'd to be forgiv'n!
5. Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,
And grant renewing grace;

248. MISCELLANEOUS.

For thou this flinty heart canst break,
And thine shall be the praise.

HYMN 248. P. M.

WHAT'S this that rises in my soul?
Is it grace? Is it grace?
That makes my life of sin look foul?
Is it grace? Is it grace?
This work that's in my soul begun,
It makes me strive all sin to shun,
It plants my soul beneath the throne,
Where mercy's free—mercy's free!

2. Great God of love! I can't but wonder;
Mercy's free—mercy's free!
Though I've no price at all to tender,
Mercy's free—mercy's free!
Though mercy's free, our God is just,
And if a soul should e'er be lost,
This will torment the sinner most:
Mercy's free—mercy's free!

3. Swell, swell, oh swell the heavenly
chorus!
Mercy's free—mercy's free!
The devil's kingdom falls before us;
Mercy's free—mercy's free!

Sinner repent, inquire the road
That leads to glory and to God,
And wash in Christ's atoning blood;
Mercy's free—mercy's free!

4. This truth through all our life shall
cheer us,

Mercy's free—mercy's free!
And through the vale of death shall
bear us:

Mercy's free—mercy's free!
And when to Jordan's brink we come,
And cross the raging billows' foam,
We'll sing, when safely landed home,
Mercy's free—mercy's free!

HYMN 249. 8, 7, 4.

(J. F. BERG.)

PSALM 26. 9.

GATHER not my soul with sinners,
Whom thy coming shall confound;
Let me be among the winners,
Rob'd in white, with glory crown'd:
Not with sinners,
Saviour, let my soul be found.

249. MISCELLANEOUS.

2. Gather not my soul with sinners,
For thy followers, Lord, I love;
But, if number'd with despisers,
I could never dwell above.

Far from Jesus
Rebel sinners must remove.

3. Gather not my soul with sinners;
Lord, how could I bear to see
Rocks and mountains melting round me,
Without hope of heaven or thee?

“Rocks fall on us!”
Will the sinner's language be.

4. Gather not my soul with sinners:
Fill'd with shame they must appear;
They remember they were scorers,
Who rejected mercy here.

Mourners, mourners,
Scoffers will be mourners there.

5. Gather not my soul with sinners:
Vengeance will appoint their doom;
Then, no more shall bold blasphemers
Laugh at hell's terrific gloom.

Ah! blasphemer,
Fearful then will be thy doom.

6. Gather not my soul with sinners;
O! how could I ever dwell
With the devils and his angels,
In the fiery depths of hell!
 Whilst their wailings,
Louder and still louder swell!

7. Gather not my soul with sinners;
Saviour, to thy cross I flee!
Never, never, with transgressors,
Dearest Jesus, number me;
 Not with sinners,
O, my Saviour, gather me!

HYMN 250. 6s.

STRIVE, for the way is strait
In which the Saviour trod;
And narrow is the gate
That leadeth up to God.
Cut off the insnaring hand,
Pluck out the insnaring eye;
Turn ye at God's command;
Sinners, why will ye die?

2. Strive, for there are but few
Who find the living way;
Children, alas! will you
Still blindly go astray?

251. MISCELLANEOUS.

O shun the crowded gate,
Though wide it seem, and fair
'Twill bring you, soon or late,
To anguish and despair.

3. Strive, ere life's setting sun
Shall sink in thickest gloom:
Strive, night is coming on,
Ye hasten to the tomb.
Ask, mercy shall be given;
Seek as for hidden gold;
Knock, and the Lord of heaven
The gates will wide unfold.

HYMN 251. C. M.

'TIS sweet to rest in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2. There shall my disembodied soul
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

2. Soon, too, my slumb'ring dust shall
hear
The trumpet's quick'ning sound;

And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

4. If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above,
In Jesus' presence, know!

5. O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay,
Till, from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away!

HYMN 252. 7s.

WHAT are these in bright array—
This innumerable throng—
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
“Worthy is the Lamb once slain:
Blessing, honour, glory, pow'r,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain
New dominion every hour?”

2. These through fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his almighty name;

253. MISCELLANEOUS.

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3. Hunger, thirst, disease—unknown;
On immortal fruits they feed;
Whom the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears.

HYMN 253. C. M.

RETURNING to his throne above,
The Friend of sinners cried—
Do this in memory of my love:
He spoke the word, and died.

2. He tasted death for every one;
The Saviour of mankind
Out of our sight to heaven is gone,
But left his pledge behind.

3. His sacramental pledge we take,
Nor will we let it go:
Till in the clouds our Lord comes back,
We thus his death will show.

4. Come quickly, Lord, for whom we
mourn,
And comfort all that grieve:
Prepare the bride, and then return,
And to thyself receive.
5. Now to thy gracious kingdom come,
(Thou hast a token given;)
And when thy arms receive us home,
Recall thy pledge in heaven.

HYMN 254. 8, 7.

(J. F. BERG.)

PROV. I. 23-31.

- I HAVE called—but ye refused:—
Stretch'd my hands, but all in vain;
Ah! my love has been abused,
Wherefore should I call again?
Sinners, still I wait to save ye
From the pangs of endless wo;
Say, poor sinners, will you have me—
Will you have my grace, or no?
2. Tho' my mercy has been slighted,
And my counsel set at nought,
Yet my sacred word is plighted,
And your pardon has been bought!

254. MISCELLANEOUS.

Turn, and live—salvation's offer'd:

O! how can you stand aloof?

Turn, and live, whilst grace is proffer'd:

Sinners, turn, at my reproof.

3. I have heard your plea—"To-morrow

We may think upon thy word,

And begin with godly sorrow

To repent, and seek the Lord."

You have hated knowledge, scorers,

After strangers you *will* go;

But, ere long, as wretched mourners,

You will seek my love to know.

4. Soon with fearful desolation

Shall the o'erflowing scourge prevail;

'Mid the whirlwind's devastation,

O, how will you weep and wail!

When destruction comes upon ye,

And in anguish ye shall cry:

When, distress'd, ye call upon me,

Sinners, I shall not be nigh!

5. Ye shall call—I will not answer;

Ye shall seek, but shall not find;

Ye, who scoff'd at mercy's offer—

Ye, who spurn'd a Saviour kind—

Sinners, still I wait to save ye

From the pangs of endless wo!

MISCELLANEOUS. 255, 256.

Say, poor sinners, will you have me—
Will you have my grace, or no?

HYMN 255. C. M.

THE crowd, the poor unthinking crowd,
Refuse thy hand to see!
They will not hear thy loudest rod:
They will not turn to thee.

2. As with judicial blindness struck,
They all thy signs despise;
Harden their hearts yet more, and mock
The anger of the skies.

3. But blinder still the rich and great,
In wickedness excel,
And revel on the brink of fate,
And sport and dance to hell.

4. Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require,
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire!

HYMN 256. C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my sovereign die!

257. MISCELLANEOUS.

Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?

Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;

When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died
For man the creature's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears:

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5. But tears of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;

Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 257. C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise;

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

2. One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

3. How many to their endless home
This solemn moment fly!
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

HYMN 258. 8, 7.

VISIT, Lord, thy habitation!
Breathe thy peace on all therein;
Peace, the foretaste of salvation;
Peace, the seal of pardoned sin.

259. MISCELLANEOUS.

Let thy love-infusing Spirit
On each heart be shed abroad;
Raise us, by thy boundless merit,
To become the sons of God.

2. Prince of Peace, be ever near us,
Fix in every heart thy home;
With thy sweet communion cheer us,
Quickly let thy kingdom come.
Answer all our expectation;
Give our raptured souls to prove
Strong, abiding consolation,
Heavenly, everlasting love.

HYMN 259. 8, 7.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail thou everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail thou agonizing Saviour!
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.

2. Paschal Lamb! by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:

All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood,
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made with man and God.

3. Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

HYMN 260. C. M.

1 SAW one hanging on a tree
In agony and blood;
Methought he turned his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2. Oh! never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3. My conscience felt and owned the deed,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had shed,
And helped to nail him there.

261. MISCELLANEOUS.

4. Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
5. A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die,—that thou mayst live."
6. Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

HYMN 261. S. M.

- IS this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?
2. To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind;
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.
3. Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh:

Break, sovereign grace, our hearts of
stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

HYMN 262. L. M.

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2. O hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's hours are gone.

3. O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should cease to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4. O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

CHORUSSES.

OH the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary!
The Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
To intercede for me.
And O give him glory—
For glory is his own.

I own I'm base, I own I'm vile,
But mercy's all my plea:
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then—remember me.

OH who's like Jesus? Hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord;
There's none like Jesus, O Hallelujah!
Love and serve the Lord.

MY dying day is rolling round,
Prepare me to go home;
O this is not my Canaan,
My Canaan is above.

SWEET Canaan, happy, happy place:
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

CHORUSSES.

GLORY, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

OH the place, what a happy place,
The place where Jesus is—
The place where Christians all shall
meet,
And never part again.

WELL beloved, blessed Saviour,
Well beloved Priest and King!
Glory to the Lamb that was slain,
For us he did salvation bring.

PALMS of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory you shall bear;
Shout O glory, O glory!
Palms of victory you shall bear.

I AM bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me,
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

2. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

4. S. M.

To the eternal Three,
In will and essence One:
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Co-equal honours done.

DOXOLOGIES.

5. 7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6. H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our pow'rs, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

7. L. P. M.

Now to the great, and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

8. C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom heaven's triumphant
host,
And saints on earth, adore—

DOXOLOGIES.

Be glory as in ages past,
And now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

9. 7, 6.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal praise be giv'n,
By all that earth inherit,
And all that dwell in heav'n:
Thou triune God! before thee,
Our inmost souls adore:
Who art and hast been worthy,
And shalt be evermore.

10. 8, 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

LITANY.

7s.

SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all thy pains and wo,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn LITANY.

2. By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness:
By thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's pow'r;
Jesus, look with pitying eye:
Hear our solemn LITANY.

3. By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of pray'r,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorns:

LITANY.

By thy cross—thy pangs and cries:
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye:
Hear our solemn LITANY.

4. By thy deep expiring groan,
By thy seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy pow'r from death to save:
Mighty God! ascended LORD!
To thy throne in heav'n restor'd;
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Hear our solemn LITANY.

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